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Peace.

Peace is the one word now constantly heard in reference to South Africa. Every day there are rumors of it. It is a very attractive word all at once. Nobody now talks of the "piping times of peace," or of the moral degeneracy and stagnation produced by peace. It is the supreme thing, after which all hearts long.

It is said that when the first substantial rumor of peace struck London some weeks ago it produced very great excitement in the city and throughout the country. More recently, as the rumors have become thicker and more reliable, the war office has been surrounded with a crowd of anxious people eagerly watching for the announcement of the end of the war, and lingering about even after the doors were closed for the night. All England has grown sick and tired of the conflict. The money cost has been great, but the other costs have been much larger. There is little doubt that the nation would be willing to pay another billion dollars to-day, or the cost of the war over again, if it could only cancel the deaths, the sorrow and shame, the loss of prestige entailed.

War always seems a very different thing after it has run its bloody and ruinous course from what it appeared when the fever first stirred the country's blood and the troops marched out in gay uniforms

and gayer hearts, with high conceit and contempt for the enemy. Seen in its cruel and vile reality, it becomes intolerably repulsive. Its glory and honor depart, except for those whom it has not smitten in their families or otherwise. Then the praises of peace are upon all lips. Peace jubilees are held. Men come to their senses, and see things as they are.

When our Civil War closed Boston gave a whole week to the celebration of peace. At the end of the war of 1812 the people of New York and other seaboard cities went wild with pleasure when the ship from the other side sailed into the harbor, and men shouted the word "peace" ashore.

Why should not the peace celebrations be held beforehand, when its blessings are everywhere upon the land? Men know in their heart of hearts that peace is the great need, the supreme condition of the common weal and the common happiness. Why should they ever be tempted to let it be broken, to plunge into the furies and the desolations of war? War is hell; war is savagery; war is brutalism; war is death and agony; war is hatred and malevolence; war is ruin and desolation and shame. Peace is heaven; it is love; it is life; it is happy homes; it is trust, and friendship, and coöperation, and prosperity, and progress, and civilization.

Alas! that men have so little imagination, and seem incapable of learning except from the hardest and bitterest experiences!

Just as we go to press, the great and blessed news comes that peace terms have been signed and the South African war ended.

War and Natural Calamities.

The attempt has often been made to justify war by comparing it with the great natural calamities, like that which has just overwhelmed the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent. This attempt is still sometimes made, though not so frequently and light-heartedly as once was the case. If God uses for accomplishing his purposes, or permits to come to pass, these appalling catastrophes, which inflict such enormous destruction and suffering, so ran the reasoning, men and nations are justified in employing war with all its cruelties, horrors and woes, as an instrument for the attainment of ends which they set for themselves.

But the resemblance between the two classes of events is wanting in all those elements which would

make the comparison appropriate. It is true that natural calamities, like that which has just befallen the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent, bring immense destruction of life and property, and cause unspeakable horror and suffering. In this respect there is a likeness between them and scenes of carnage like Gettysburg, Gravelotte or Spion Kop. There is a further similarity in the subsequent sorrow, the breaking up of homes, the poverty and misery. But here the resemblance ends.

There are no direct moral elements, so far as we can discern, entering into natural calamities. There may be such elements immediately present, but to us they are undiscoverable. Whatever the purposes which God accomplishes through them, these events give no sign of being conceived in and directed by anger, passion, the spirit of retribution, vindictiveness, or self-glorification. If we knew that they were brought on by a being or beings seeking the death of the men, women and children destroyed, hating them, laying snares for them, rushing on them with fury, and exulting over their ruin, we should be justified in likening battles to them.

It is precisely these personal elements which constitute the real essence of a battle; the slaughter and horror are the outcome of men's choice, of their planning, of their deliberate aims. The men, or their agents or followers, are present in the carnage, raging, yelling, wild with passion, shooting, stabbing, outwitting, deceiving, rushing on one another like fiends, and going mad with delight over the crushing of their fellowmen.

Put these elements into a volcanic eruption which destroys a city or an island, and you would have a totally different event. The feelings of men about it would likewise be wholly different. Now, we stand before such a calamity with silent awe, with a feeling of utter impotency and ignorance as to its meaning. In the supposed case, every particle of justice and humanity within us would rise up to condemn the thing as unutterably wicked and repulsive. We hardly attempt even to justify one of these natural disasters; much less do we "glorify" them, as those who use them to justify and glorify war ought in consistency to do. Think of saying, "What a magnificent charge the lava-streams made on the city! What splendid execution the craters did, with their volleys of fire, stones and mud, among the ranks of the people! How brilliantly the Almighty swept down upon the poor devils in columns of smoke and lightning!"

At best, we stand appalled before these devastating occurrences, with a sense of dumb helplessness, or with unreasoning resignation. We never laud and glorify them. If we could detect in them moral causes and elements like those which bring on and are present in battles, with their personal cruelties and horrors, every mouth on the globe would be

opened in uncontrollable indignation against the perpetrators. God would be held to be the Prince of Demons, if he were discovered to be acting thus, and nature would forevermore be adjudged unclean and damnable.

To seek to justify, by comparison with these products of natural forces and laws, which everybody would prevent if possible, a system of death and desolation, every phase of which we can trace to the voluntary purposes and schemes of men, and every phase of which is therefore avoidable, is to talk wholly at random and to turn both reason and nature into shame. Every inhabitant of the earth would forever put an end to these dire natural catastrophes, if possible, or at least withdraw everybody from their power. With how much greater reason should every said inhabitant loathe war, which is preventable as well as morally monstrous, and seek to banish it from the earth.

Senator Hoar's Latest Philippine Speech.

Senator Hoar's speech in the Senate on the Philippine question on May 22 surpasses any of his previous deliverances on the subject, able as these were. It would not be easy to find in the whole range of American oratory anything that goes beyond it in all those elements which make up great speaking. It is full of truth, moral and political; it glows with the finest and noblest sentiments; it is sincere and devoid of all rhetorical tricks; it is comprehensive and logical; it is lucid in style; it is direct and courageous without being intolerant.

It sets forth, of course, the same fundamental moral and political principles for which Mr. Hoar has contended from the outbreak of the war; but it is far from being mere repetition. He had behind him when speaking three years of painful history, every month of which was full of the evil results of the policy which he and others had foretold would be dishonorable and ruinous. The policy of annexation and subjugation stands self-condemned, and it is this fact which gives what he says a weight which none of his former speeches carried. It was possible then to call him a mere alarmist taking counsel of his fears; now he can be answered only by bluff or perversion.

It is difficult to give any just idea of the speech without using practically the whole of it. One of the most impressive and unanswerable passages in it is the one near the beginning in which he demonstrates irrefutably that the responsibility for the war and for the horrors and cruelties which have attended it rests upon this country,—upon the Administration, the Senate and the makers of the Paris treaty,—and not upon the Filipinos. We give this passage in full on another page, and commend it, along with all